

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

BY WILLIAM M. TOLBERT & Co.]

"STATE RIGHTS AND STATE REMEDIES—THE SAFETY OF THE UNION,"

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STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.
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TERMS.—The STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION will be furnished to subscribers at \$5.00 per annum in advance.

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ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

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POETRY.

From the Native American.

THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE.

Flow on! I would not check thy course,
For all this life can give,
Nor shame to tell from whence their source,
Which dost thy soul relieve.

'Tis thou the spirit's wound can heal,
The broken heart can bind,
In dark despair, a way reveal,
And soothe the anguish'd mind.

More precious far, than gems or gold,
Then earth's vain wealth, thou thousand fold,
Is one repentant tear.

Flow on! flow on! repentance's tear,
At such Heaven's bliss rejoice!
More efficacious far, than prayer,
To God, thy spirit voice.

Though shed in secret, he, behold!
Unseen none shall fail,
For 'neath the book of life's vast folds,
On Heaven's eternal scroll;

On Heaven's eternal scroll! behold!
In witness shall appear,
Worth more than glittering gems, or gold,
The contrite sinner's tear.

Flow! grieve! sinning's fountain, flow!
To man in mercy given,
To cleanse the soul from sin and woe,
And bear it up to Heaven.
New Orleans, Aug. 21, 1839.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

Lin's suggested on hearing a Sister of Charity say that Mother, Home and Heaven, were the three most beautiful words in the English language.

Sweet word! the first my infant senses found
To thy blest music, yet, my heart strings thrill;
Mother!—my bounding pulse which thou art nam'd
Attest thy uninvited empire still.

How desolate the home where once around
The children gather'd! Tears that home deplore,
(Can that be home, where thou'rt no longer found;
Dear household word! for me thou art no more.

Home! mother! are there any sounds more sweet,
To soothe the soul by worldly conflicts riven?
Can language find another to complete?
Yes! one that comprehends them both—'tis Heaven.

United still—the objects of one prayer—
Oh! be it to thy supplications given,
Mother! dear mother! to rejoice there—
And find my better home, with thee in Heaven.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER'S STORY.

'Twas here, sir, that Mr. Clements descended.

'How fearful!' I exclaimed, scarcely venturing to look down a precipice at least, six hundred feet in depth.

To repeat in a few words what had occupied nearly an hour, and omitting his numerous digressions, the samphire gatherer's tale ran thus:—

At the close of the last century he and his father, samphire gatherers by trade, had assisted in lowering one Mr. Clements down the cliff under rather extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Clements was returning home along the downs, from the then retired, but now fashionable town of —, when he recognized a boat about a mile from the shore, strongly resembling one in which his wife and sister were in frequent habit of passing hours, in a little bay or inlet of the sea near his house. He hastened home only to have all doubts removed as to their identity; and, hurrying back to the spot where he had first observed them, found, to his extreme terror, that the boat had been deserted by its occupants, who had been seen wandering on the rocks under the cliff. To approach them by the sea on either side in time to rescue them from their impending danger was impossible. The tide was rising fast, and their destruction seemed to be inevitable. In this emergency the samphire gatherers were thought of, and sought for; and, declining all their offers, Clements insisted upon descending the cliff, in the hope of placing his wife upon some rock or spot where she might remain in safety till the arrival of the boats from —. Thus far had the samphire gatherer got in his story which he was relating to me as I was strolling along the cliffs when he paused, as I have already mentioned, and pointed to the spot where Mr. Clements descended.

Following his example, and taking a seat on the grass near him the old man continued his tale. I give it in his own words.

'Well, sir, when we found we could not

persuade him to let one of us go down in his place, father, as usual, secured a crow-bar into the earth, a few feet from the edge of the cliff; and then twining the rope once round it in order to give us the steadier hold on Mr. Clements, fastened it under his arms. We then made him change his coat for one of our frocks, such as you see the common people wear in these parts; and taught him how to put his feet steadily against the side of the cliff—as it were thus; and made him take the rope between his hands just above the knot, and told him to lean out from the rock as far as he could, and to work downwards with his feet, and to look up, and keep a watch out for the stones and rubbish which the rope might dislodge. We told him all this, sir; and bade him not be frightened at the birds, as they would not harm him—the sun had set, sir; and they always make a horrid screeching if you go down the cliff after they are gone to roost;—and, that if he altered his mind, and wished to come back, he had only to give the rope a couple of pulls, and that we'd haul him up directly. 'No, no,' says Mr. Clements, 'there's no necessity for that. When I get to the bottom, wait for a quarter of an hour; if at the end of that time I give no signal for you to pull me up, you will know that the ladies are safe, and then make what haste you can, and get a boat from —. I am ready now,' says he, in a faint voice, and his teeth all the while chattering with fear. Never was a man so frightened as he was at that moment. Well, sir, father and I once more lifted the rope, and Mr. Clements leaned back over the edge of the cliff. Down he went. We soon lost sight of him.

'Working with his feet, as father had told him, we slowly supplying out rope as he required it, he moved safely down for a bit; then he rested on a jutting rock. All this time he kept his eyes fixed on the sky. Pressing cautiously with his feet against the chalk; his body almost at right-angles with the cliff; his hands grasping the rope, or sheltering his face from the shower of stones and dirt which it dislodged. He had got about a hundred feet from the top, when, suddenly slipping from the cliff, his chest and face were flung violently against it. He endeavored to regain his footing against the rocks, and, as he did so, he broke through a resolution which he had formed, and looked beneath him. It is a rare sight that for the first time. Well do I remember how my head swam as I looked at the water far, far below; and the waves that one could see, but not hear, as they broke over the shingles. Presence of mind, on which Mr. Clements so vaunted himself, where was it then? He was about to pull the rope; but he thought of his poor wife, and one thought of her was enough. On he went. To regain a footing was impossible. Father and I kept gradually lowering the rope; and with his face to the cliff, his hands outstretched, catching at each object as he passed; enveloped in a shower of chalk and stones, which he had not the strength to avoid; gasping and panting for breath, poor Mr. Clements slid down for about another hundred feet. Here the cliff arched inwards, forming an immense hollow, like yonder rock, twist heaven and earth, down he went. At one moment the wide ocean met his dizzy gaze; at another, flocks of the startled birds flew around his head, uttering their shrill and angry cries. Again, sir, he found himself sliding down against the side of the cliff, his flesh all sore and torn, and his body and arms in absolute torture from the pressure of the rope. Again in agony he made a frantic effort to regain a footing; but, in doing so, fastened one of his legs in a narrow fissure, or opening in the rock. Vain was the struggle to release it, sir; Mr. Clements was either too weak and faint, or the limb too firmly secured in the rock. All his efforts were useless; and—I shudder at the bare recollection while I tell it—we continued to supply the rope! Hanging by his leg, head downwards, there he lay; the cormorants and sea-mews fitting around him, and joining in his frightful shrieks.

'Horrible! was he long thus?

'Not long, sir. Father soon discovered that there was no weight or pull upon the rope; and, judging from his experience of what had occurred, we raised it a few feet, and released Mr. Clements from his painful situation. From this moment, he told me, he was unconscious as to whether he was ascending or descending, until he heard his name called in a faint voice. He opened his eyes. We had lowered him over the arch of an immense cavern, within which all was darkness. The sea was rolling in beneath him; his feet touched it; he felt that he must either swim or drown; he feebly grasped the rope; a thrill of joy ran through his veins as he found an unexpected footing on a rock concealed by the waves in about three feet water; the depth around for the present mattered not. He remained for a few moments motionless on the rock. His name was again called; it sounded from within the cave.

'Extricating himself from the rope, he made an effort to swim; found that he had more strength than he had thought; swam forward through the darkness up the cavern; struggled; sank; rose again; heard his name called louder and nearer; made one effort more; felt the sand, the smooth sand, under his feet; staggered forward,—reeled, and fell, exhausted, into the arms of his wife.'

'And his sister?

'The ladies were both there, sir. The cavern was about fifty feet in depth, sloping upwards towards the back, and partly filled with weeds, stones, and sand. Here Mrs

Clements and her sister had been driven to take refuge by the rising tide. They had landed from the boat on the rocks, at some distance below the cave, in the hope of finding a pathway or outlet, by which they could escape up the cliff. After a long and hopeless search, they bethought them of the boat; and, to their extreme terror, found that it had been carried away by the rising tide, which now partly covered the rocks. They had just time to climb into the cavern over the fallen rocks, when the waters sweeping in, closed up all entrance to any but a swimmer. Although the tide was fast rising, the ladies cheered each other with the hope that they should escape. Fortunately the darkness at the back of the cavern was sufficient to prevent their discovering the height to which the water usually rose.'

'As you may imagine, Mr. Clements was some time before he recovered his senses. His wife was kneeling beside him, chafing his brows, when her sister, starting up, called their attention to the rope by which he had descended. We were pulling it up; and he shook his head as it disappeared over the arch of the cavern. Well he knew how useless it would have been for them to use it. 'It matters not,' he said, 'they (meaning us) have gone to —. We shall have boats here soon; we are safe; quite safe,' and so on, endeavoring to keep their spirits up while he knew that in the darkness the chances were that the boat would never find the cave.'

'Two hours, sir: two long hours passed on in this way, and Mr. Clements had given up all hope. The water kept rising and rising, till at last the waves broke at their feet, and each instant threatened destruction. The ladies were almost dead with fear and cold. When a large, heavy, Dutch built boat, (you don't see such now, sir,) swept, with scarcely a sound, under the arch into the cavern, her prow coming in close upon the spot where Mr. Clements and the ladies were. They did not hear her till she was within the cave; and no wonder, for the oars were muffled, and those who were in her were as silent as the grave. It was part of the cargo of a French smuggler, lying a few miles off, that her crew, assisted by some of the fishermen were about to land, and they had taken shelter in the cavern, being alarmed at the approach of the coast-guard. Fortunately it was that Mr. Clements, and his wife, were calling out for assistance from them.'

'Why, I should have thought at such a moment, that even smugglers—'

'Not they, sir: not they; and Mr. Clements knew it. Desperate men like them, would have left the poor things to drown, or have murdered them. No; Mr. Clements knew better. He tried a last and a dangerous chance; but it was his only one. Listen, sir: while the men had their heads turned to the opening of the cavern, watching the boat pass, the sight of which had driven them into it, he lifted the ladies gently into the end of the boat. They could not hear him for the noise of the waves; there was plenty of room for them, and he drew a sail over them, and was just stepping in himself after them, when one of the men turned, and he had only time to conceal himself under the bows of the boat before she was again moving silently out of the cave with, as her crew little suspected, the addition of two to their number since she had entered it.'

'They went about a quarter of a mile under the cliff, and landed a boy, who disappeared like a cat up the rocks. A dead silence ensued; no one ventured to speak; the men rested on their oars, and the boat gently rose and sank on the waves. At last the silence was broken; something dark was hurled down the cliff at a short distance from the boat. It fell heavily on the rocks. 'God forgive him, he's tossed him over,' muttered one of the men. And so it was, sir. The poor man on the look-out, was asleep near the top of the cliff; and we often hear of these men rolling over in their sleep. There's always a reason for it, sir. They were going to land their cargo, when they heard a gun in the offing from one of the King's cutters. The alarm had been given. Not a moment was to be lost; and, straining every nerve, they bore out to sea.'

'They were about two miles from the shore, when some of the men declared it was a lost job, and that they could go no farther. Mr. Clements was quite sea-sick with cold and exhaustion; but his sister listened eagerly to what the men said. They had some angry words, but the meaning of their conversation she could not understand. There was a little boat astern of the larger one, which they drew to it, and entered one by one, the last man calling out as he stepped in:—'Now then, boys, pull for your lives; they'll make after us when they find they've lost their prize.'

'The boat had disappeared in the surrounding darkness before the terrified lady comprehended all; and then, sir, in a moment the frightful truth flashed upon her. The devil had scuttled the boat, and it was fast sinking. She said one prayer, and turned to kiss her sleeping sister, when Mr. Clements's voice sounded almost at her side. There he was, sir,—there he was, in the self-same little pleasure-boat which had been the cause of all their misfortunes. He had just time to lift the ladies out of the boat, and to get clear of her, when she went down. The Revenue Cutter came up, and took them on board alive, but many months passed before Mrs. Clements recovered the effects of that dreadful night.'

'What became of Mr. Clements when they left him in the cave?

'He held on to the boat for a few minutes till they got outside, and then swam to the rocks, where he found the little pleasure-boat, and entering it, followed in the track of the larger vessel in time to save the life of Mrs. Clements and that of her sister. The sun is setting, sir,' said the samphire gatherer, touching his hat to me. 'I must be going homewards. Mayhap,' he added, as he turned away on his path, 'some of these days, when you are strolling on the rocks below, sir, you will look at the cavern where Mr. Clements found his wife. You can imagine much better than I can describe what must have been their feelings in such a place, and at such a time. Good evening, sir.'

NAPOLEON AND TALMA.

The following letter is extracted from Col. Macaroni's Life and Adventures, a singularly interesting publication. The Col. was Aide-de-Camp to Murat, King of Naples.

My dear Talma,—I have fought like a lion for the Republic; but, my good friend Talma, as my reward, I am left to die with hunger. I am at the end of all my resources; that miserable fellow Aubry, (then Minister of War) leaves me in the mire, when he might do something for me. I feel that I have the power of doing more than Generals Santerre and Rossignol, and yet they cannot find a corner for me in La Vendee, or elsewhere, to give me employment! You are happy—your reputation depends upon yourself alone. Two hours passed on the boards, bring you before the public, whence all glory emanates; but for us soldiers we are forced to pay dearly for fame upon an extensive stage, and after we are not allowed to retain it. Therefore do not repeat the path you have chosen. Remain upon your theatre. Who knows if I shall ever make my appearance again upon mine? I have seen Monvel (a distinguished comedian and dramatic writer) he is a true friend. Barras (President of the Directory) makes me fine promises; but will he keep them? I doubt it. In the mean time, I am reduced to my last sous. Have you a few crowns to spare me? I will not reject them, and I promise to pay you out of the first kingdom I shall win by my sword. How happy were the heroes of Ariosto; they had not to depend upon a minister of war!—Adieu, your affectionate,

BUONAPARTE

London, January 3, 1794.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE STUDENT.—A professor of Latin in the University of Edinburgh, now no more, having desired the students to give him a list of the names in Latin, was greatly surprised at seeing written on a slip of paper the names 'Joannes Ovum, Novum.'

After in vain seeking for a translation of this, he at last became convinced that it was either one of those dark Latin passages, to decipher which even the skill of Bentley would have failed, or that it was a hoax.

He, therefore, next day, in the class, read out the three dark words, and desired the writer of them to stand up.

One of his pupils immediately rose.

'What are you?' said the professor.

'A poor scholar, sir?'

'A very poor scholar, indeed, sir, or you would never have written such stuff as 'Joannes Ovum Novum.' That can't be your name, sir.'

'I don't see,' said the student, 'where you could find better Latin. My name is John Agnew. Ovum for egg. (Ag) Novum for new; Ovum Novum—Egg new.'

The professor, seeing that he had rather the worst of it, immediately laid his finger upon his forehead, and looking at his hopeful pupil, who was standing somewhat in the attitude of a drill sergeant, exclaimed in a pitiful voice, 'Alas! alas! something wrong here. I doubt.'

'May be so,' shouted 'Ovum Novum'; something may be wrong there, but striking his hand upon his own forehead, 'there is nothing wrong here.'—Theodore Hook.

BEAT THIS WHO CAN.—At Popular Hill plantation, the residence of Samuel Scott, Esq. a negro man named Nelson, on the 15th inst. picked four hundred and two pounds cotton; another named George, picked on the same day, 340 pounds; and a negro boy, named Solomon, only twelve years of age, picked 230 pounds. This can't be beat in dog days. Fayette Advertiser.

YANKREIN.—The New York Mirror relates an anecdote of a man riding to the gate, at the residence of Henry Clay, and requesting permission to see him. He came out and addressed him but received no answer. At length, wondering at the silence of the fellow, and at his protracted stare, Mr. Clay was forced to remark, 'My name, sir, is Clay—have you any business with me?'

'Business! oh, no—none in particular—but I have heard tell of you a good deal in our parts, away off east of sunrise; and I thought as I was passing your way, I'd just call and see how you looked. I know what you are going to say but can't stay now, tho' if I cross these lots as I go back, may be I'll stop and take a glass of cider with you—good bye.' So saying, with a very patronizing air, the fellow rode away, and left Mr. Clay laughing heartily at the encounter.

General Jackson arrived at Nashville yesterday morning, and attended church. Accompanied by a few friends, he goes to Tyne Springs to-day. The health of the venerable ex-President is much improved and is evidently improving.—Nashville Union, August 12.

INGENUOUS SMUGGLING.—An ingenious mode of smuggling tobacco and cigars from Holland has been lately discovered, which is perhaps, without a parallel in the history of the contraband trade. A ship called Lord Strangford, now lying alongside Brewer's quay, was entered at the customhouse in the early part of the week with a cargo of timber for Rotterdam. The logs were about to be landed, when an accident induced the captain to examine them, and it was found that the logs of wood were hollow, and were filled with tobacco and cigars, a plug being inserted at each end of the same color as the wood. One of the logs having become warped by the weather, the plug fell out, and discovered the fraud intended on the revenue. On examining the remainder of the timber it was found that a large hole, about six inches in diameter, had been scooped out of each and filled with tobacco. The captain immediately gave information to the customs, and the contraband cargo was seized and landed on Saturday. The quantity of tobacco and cigars, exceeded five tons, and the value is upwards of £3,000.

"MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED."

A few days ago, in passing through Rampart street, we were forcibly reminded of the heart touching kindness conveyed in the above quoted and beautifully expressive words, on perceiving, beneath the dark drapery of a lonely and unaccompanied hearse, a coffin containing the remains of a STRANGER. Such we ascertained he was, from the unconcerned, sable driver, who whistled on his way, as he bore, not loiteringly, the uncared for defunct, to that common receptacle for the dead—Potter's Field. Of late years such sights have been unusual, and since the calamitous period of '32; (then of every day occurrence) we have not witnessed an unattended funeral; there appears to be so life loving a desertion of the dead, so perceptible a sense of loneliness, so harrowing an evidence of the want of kindred and friends, that the most unreflecting are apt to pause as the hearse with its lone occupant moves along. Alas! thought we, as standing still we gazed after the vehicle for the dead; no idolized mother, (for who does not love that heart-fond parent) ministered at the sick couch of the solitary departed when laboring under burning fever; no sister smoothed the pillow on which rested his aching head, no wife, (for he might have been blessed with one truly kind and loving) consoled him; moistened his parched tongue, pressed his cold and bluish lips to hers; or closed his eyes in death, through which, in life, his heart spoke his affection for her truly as tongue ever lisped it. There are feelings so undefinable, called up on witnessing, divested of pomp, pageantry and parade, the isolated conveyance that bears along the unswerving stranger, that it is difficult to give expression to them.—Louisville Adv.

BURIED LOVE, JEALOUSY.—The following exquisitely beautiful piece of description is from the pen of Mr. N. P. Willis. We do not know that it has ever before been published:

'I have read of one in story, who had laid his young love in the grave. The seasons came and went, and he found a melody in nature's going on. And a sweet cousin's voice that tempted him into the sunshine of the air, and became the music of his happiness. One morn she was awake, and gazing on his features, as the moon shone brightly through the casement on them, a large tear stole from his eye, and in the low murmur of his dream, she caught the name of the departed. He awoke—and she reproached him tearfully with love kept secrets in his heart; and then he kissed her tears away, and told her that his love was faithful to her own—although in dreams sometimes an angel came to him, and awoke a buried thought of one as beautiful.'

LAUGH WHEN YOU MUST.—CONJUGIAL FELICITY.—Mr. Slang used to say, 'my horse, my boys.' Mr. Slang now invariably says, 'our horse, our boys,' or our farm. This substitution of *our* for *my*, by Mr. Slang, was brought about thus: Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang casually remarked, 'I now intend to enlarge my dairy.' 'You mean our dairy, my dear,' replied Mrs. Slang.—'No,' quoth Mr. Slang, 'I say my dairy.' 'Say our dairy, Mr. Slang.' 'No, my dairy.' 'Say our dairy, say our,' screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker. 'Our dairy, our dairy!' he echoed the wife, emphasizing each 'our' with a blow of the poker upon the back of the cringing spouse. Mr. Slang retreated under the bed-clothes; Mr. Slang remained under several minutes waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell. 'What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?' said she. 'I'm looking, my dear,' snivelled he, 'to see any thing of our hat.' The struggle was over. It was our horse, our dairy, and on the next Sunday morning he very humbly asked her if he might not wear our clean linen breeches to church.

A hog race, for a purse of \$50, came off at West Union, Ohio, last Saturday week. The editor of the Star, printer there, gives a very amusing description of the fun. Five hogs had been trained for the sport, for several weeks. They were ridden by lads twelve years of age, and the distance ran was on mile, which was performed by the winning animal in eight minutes and a half. E. R. Smith's sow, a lank, long-legged 'critter,'

took the prize, which was extended at a neighboring tavern in a jollification.

DEATH OF SCARRON.—Seeing his relatives and domestics melting in tears around his bed, 'my children,' said he, 'I cannot make you cry as much as I have made you laugh, and a moment after 'no more good, no more rhumatism, I shall at last be well.' Whilst bidding his wife adieu, he could not cease jesting. He frequently thanked her for her affectionate care; and making an effort to extend his hand to her, 'I beg of you, added he, 'to think of me sometimes; I leave you without fortune, virtue brings none; nevertheless, be always virtuous.' A moment before expiring; 'I have never thought,' said he it was so easy to laugh at death.'

HIT HIM AGAIN.—The New York Visitor says a young man in the back part of that state, who had been speaking disparagingly of a young woman in the neighborhood and for which he received a severe flogging with a cowhide, applied to a magistrate for a warrant. On being asked why he did not turn upon his antagonist and take satisfaction, replied: 'He only struck me nineteen times, but if he had hit me once more I'd given him h—ll.'

A SWINDLING WIDOW.—A smart, good-looking female, of about four-and-twenty, pretending to be a widow, lately arrived at Detroit, who said she was the widow of a Dr. Bement, whose rich estate she had come to settle. Her queer ways attracted the attention of the good citizens of Detroit. She purchased large amounts of goods on credit, got admitted into the first society, and was going on swimmingly until suspicions were aroused of her honesty. A writ was issued against her and the officer went to serve it just as she was going to bed. Although she was dressed in a very airy way, having taken off her shoes, stockings, &c. &c., she still attempted to escape by jumping out of a window and taking to the fields, but was arrested. She is now in prison, on a charge of getting goods under false pretences, arson, &c. &c. There is a great deal of difference in widows.—Picaune.

What do all the whig papers raise such a fuss for because Van Buren happens to ride about among his friends in a splendid coach? We'd ride in another just like it if we had a chance, and so would nine-tenths of those who have such a holy horror about it. If John Quincy Adams did happen to ride about on horseback, in nankeen pants and calf-skin shoes without stockings, that's no reason why little Matty should. John had a wife—Matty wants one.—Jb.

LOSS OF THE SHIP CORNELIA.—The Cornelia, Cushman, of New York, which left Havana for Amsterdam on the 20th of July, with a full cargo of sugars, was snagg'd in the middle of the ocean on the 31st ult. by striking the mast of a sunken vessel, and the crew had merely time to take to the boats, when she went down; they were ultimately taken up when reduced to their last biscuit, by a brig bound for Boston, where they arrived safely. The Cornelia was about four years old, and owned by F. Gebhard & Co. of New York. The ship was insured in the New York Ocean Co. for \$10,000, and the freight for \$6,000, in the American; cargo in London and Holland.—Ibid.

GAMBLING.—A passenger in the Great Western, states, that "the evening scenes of gambling on board that vessel amounts to an abomination." Pray how much is that in federal money?—Jb.

A man calling himself Valentine D. Dalt on has been taken up and committed to prison at Natchez, for endeavoring to pass raised money on the Orleans city bank, and bills on the Agricultural bank of Tennessee—the latter is a fraud. Also, bills on the Ohio banks.—Grand Gulf Adv.

The two English editors of the New Orleans Louisiana and Bee, lately thought proper to take a shot at each other. After a discharge of lead from long rifles, their anger subsided, and the affair terminated—without damage to either.—Ibid.

The draft of \$2800, drawn by the Union Bank of Mississippi in favor of Thomas Dwight, the fellow who stole the large amount of money from Messrs. Stark & Butterworth, of Columbus, Miss., was yesterday received at the Merchants Bank of this city, where it was made payable, having been sent on by the United States Bank at Philadelphia. It was discounted by the latter Bank and it would seem by this that Dwight had no little cunning about him in not coming here for the money. It would appear probable that he has made the best of his way to Europe, although we do not see his name among the passengers of either of the steam packets.—Picaune.

GERMANS.—There are now in the United States 3,900,000 native born Germans, and 2,500,000 descendants of Germans.—Philadelphia World.

ILLINOIS.—Illinois is a specimen of the gigantic strides with which the great west is moving in the progress of improvement. A paper printed in that state says, she has a half a million of inhabitants, with 1300 miles of rail road and 150 miles of canal in progression and rapidly approaching completion.

We wish the Clerk of the Weather, Mr. Espy, would look over his books and see if there be not a considerable amount of rain due us. We stand in need of it.